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"The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance."

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POETRY.

Light for All.

BY JOHN GOSTICK.

You cannot pay with money
The million sons of toil—
The sailor on the ocean,
The peasant on the soil,
The laborer in the quarry,
The hewer of the coal;
Your money pays the hand;
But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,
Whose turrets meet the sky;
Remember the foundations
That in earth and darkness lie:
Not these foundations
So darkly resting there,
Yon towers could never soar up
So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded
That the palace may be bright;
If the plowman did not plough
Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
That man performs for man
And have its share of honor,
As part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's people
Are cheered with one bright day,
And let the mind's sun shine
Be spread o'er earth as fire,
And fill the souls of men,
As the waters fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil
Need not have an earthly mind,
The digger 'mid the coal
Need not be in spirit blind;
The mind can shed a light
On each worthy bar done,
As lowliest things are bright
In the radiance of the sun.

The tailor, ay, the cobbler,
May lift their heads as men—
Better far than Alexander,
Could he wake to live again,
And think of all his bloodshed,
(And all for nothing too!)
And ask himself—What made I
As useful as a shoe?

What cheers the musing student,
The poet, the divine?
'Tis that for his followers
Ghater day will shine.
Let every human laborer
Enjoy the vision bright—
Let us thought that comes from heaven
Be spread like heaven's own light!

Ye men that hold the pen,
Rise like a band inspired,
And, poets, let your lyrics
With hope for man be fired;
Till the earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall subjoin in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

A flower worn on a pretty girl's breast
retains its sweetness a great while.
Artificial roses may be scented in that way.

You can know that a girl is not yet a woman
if she puts her hand over her mouth
when she laughs. It is the most tenacious
sign of girlhood.

It is a novelty to see two ladies pass each other
in the street, without each turning round to see what the other has on.

When a man is said to be "living on his means,"
it is sometimes understood, that he is living
on the interest of what he owes.

An old man and a dashing young one
conversing, the youth, to show his penetration
and discernment in the subject they
were talking about, said he could smell a rat
as far as any body. "So I should suppose,"
said the old man, "by the length
of your whiskers."

The Fall of the Alamo.

We find in the National Intelligencer the
subjoined letter from an officer in the United
States army, at San Antonio de Bexar,
who is visiting the remains of the Alamo,
which is now a shapeless mass of ruins, re-
verts as follows to the terrible struggle of
which that fortress was the memorable
scene ten years ago. It is perhaps the most
graphic description of the event that has
ever been written, and it will, we doubt
not, have interest for almost every reader,
especially at the present moment when we
are arrayed against the same enemy.
On the 22d day of February, 1836, Santa
Anna entered San Antonio de Bexar, and
took possession of the town without firing
a gun. The small garrison of one hundred
and thirty men, under the command of Wil-
liam Barrett Travis, retired as he advanced
to the Alamo, on the opposite side of the
river, determined there to offer whatever
resistance to the progress of the tyrant that
God and their own energies should permit.
Plushed with the conquest, so easily made
of the town, the Mexican General prepared
for an immediate attack upon the Alamo.
He ordered breastworks to be thrown up on
every commanding eminence, and artillery to
be planted wherever it could be most ef-
fective. One battery was completed on the
right bank of the river by the 25th, and on
this day the siege commenced.

It is a dark and gloomy morning, devo-
ted to a dark and unholy purpose. Evil-
ing in the work of death upon which he is
entering. Santa Anna crosses the river, the
better to behold the success of his designs,
and establishes his headquarters in a small
stone building yet standing. The signal is
given, and the sun has risen upon the
scene, the roar of artillery from the Mexican
battery awakens the echoes far and wide,
and rouses from their slumbers the yet
sleeping inhabitants. But the defenders of
the Alamo have not lost sight for a single
moment of their wily and remorseless en-
emy: they watch the steady direction of
every gun; they see the match lighted; they
listen, breathless, as if even at that distance
they could hear the command to fire; and
when it does come, and the walls of the cit-
adel tremble under the shock of the great
ball, and the fragments of stone are whirled
about by the sudden impulse, they send back
a shout of defiance, mingled with a dis-
charge from their own guns, almost as deaf-
ening as the thunder of the enemy.
Before the smoke rolls away, and the rever-
berations are lost in the distance, while the
shouts of the besieged still linger on the ears
of the besiegers, the cannonade is repeated,
and for seven hours the conflict continues.
The walls of the Alamo. But these walls yield
no more than the spirits of their defenders.
The fire is steadily returned; and, though
stones are showered around them, there are
still hearts and willing hands ready to re-
pair every breach, and to restore from the
interior whatever may have been destroyed
from without. Earth is thrown up, every
crack or fissure closed as fast as created by
the eager efforts of those who will permit
no evidence of success to cheer the hopes of
their enemy. The sun has almost sunk
behind the western plains, when there is a
pause in the work of demolition. The fire
ceases for the day by order of the Mex-
ican commander, with his thirst for blood
unsatisfied, for not a single drop has fallen
within the Alamo. Many of his own men
have bit the dust before the artillerist and
riflemen of the fort; but thus far they are
unvanquished. Darkness falls upon besiegers
and besieged; the former raises new en-
trenchments to prosecute the assault; the
latter places a watch for the night, and en-
deavor to seek that repose which shall give
them fresh vigor for the contest which they
know will come to-morrow.

The morning of the 26th dawns, and re-
veals to the occupants of the fort the effect
of the midnight labors of their enemy. In
the establishment of two additional batte-
ries within the Alameda of the Alamo. The
bayonets of the infantry, crossed over the
river during the night, glittering in the
morning beams, and the plumes of the cavalry
are seen waving on the eastern hills, to in-
tercept the expected aid from that quarter.
The contest is renewed by a slight skirmish
between a few of the Texans, sent in quest
of wood and water, and a detachment under
the Mexican General Semsa; but this is a
mere overture to the grand performance of
the day. The thunders of the heavy ord-
nance, under the direction of Col. Ampudia
are soon roused into action; volley after vol-
ley is poured into the fort, and answered only
at rare intervals, by the shouts of those
within. There is no pause, no cessation.
Still the cannonade goes on; shells fly his-
sing through the air, and balls bury them-
selves within the ramparts; but night comes
on, and the Mexican General can see no
progress. Baffled but not discouraged, he
advances his line of posts and prepares,
with morning light, to enter upon his task.
The north wind sweeps over the prairies,
as it only sweeps in Texas; a stormy lull-
aby to the stormy passions of those contend-
ing hosts. The darkness is broken only by
the feeble blaze of a few fires, fired by the
Texans, which has furnished a cover to
their enemy. The flames curl upwards
with a sickly glare, throw a fitful light up-
on the slumbering army, for a moment, and
then expire. The reign of darkness and of
silence is resumed.

On the next day the Mexicans appear in-
active. There is but little firing on either
side. Those within the fort, with spirits
unsubdued, and with energies weakened

but not exhausted, are applying their lim-
ited resources to the purpose of defence. No
heart falters; no pulse throbs with dim-
inished power; no hand shrinks from the la-
bor that necessity imposes; all is confidence
and determination; a firm reliance spring-
ing from the holiness of the cause, and the
certainty of its final triumph. Sunday fol-
lows, but brings no rest.

The fire of the Mexican artillery keeps
company with the minutes as they roll on.
Morning, mid day and evening are passed,
yet there is no faltering among those who
are defending the Thermopylae of Texas.
Another sun rises and sets, and yet ano-
ther; still the indomitable hearts within quail
not before the unceasing efforts of their en-
emy. In spite of that enemy's vindictive
vigilance, the little garrison receives from
Gonzales a reinforcement of thirty three
men; additional victims for the funeral pyre
soon to be kindled by Santa Anna on the
surrounding hills, as a human hecatomb
to Mexican vengeance.

New batteries are erected by the besie-
gers, from every point around the missiles
of destruction concentrate upon the Alamo.
The circles grow smaller and smaller. The
final hour must soon come. Provisions are
not yet exhausted, but the ammunition is
almost gone. Water for days has been
supplied by the daring efforts of a solitary
Mexican woman, who, through a shower
of grape and musketry, has threaded her
way from the river to the castle, while her
own blood has marked the path. She bears
with her the spirit of her illustrious ances-
tors, stretched upon the rack of Cortez; and
it is not the fear of death or the torture
that can swerve her from her purpose. In
her presence there is hope, and joy, and
life. At each arrival she is hailed by the
garrison as the guard angel of the Alamo,
and until it fails her efforts fail not.

The siege has continued for ten days.
The Mexican General has received large
reinforcements, and his army now numbers
thousands. He has been increasing in his
efforts to batter down the walls, but has thus
far failed. The triumph is with Travis; but
it is written in the heart of his ruthless foe
that he must die; and when the cannonade
is suspended on the 9th of March, Santa
Anna has determined the hour of assault
has arrived. During ten days a blood red
flag has been streaming from the spire of
the church in San Antonio, proclaiming
that no quarter is to be given to the cham-
pions of the Alamo—that blood alone will
appease the fury of Mexican malice. When
the sun again goes down, the flag is no longer
seen, for the deed of which it was the
sign has been accomplished.

It is midnight. Stars are shining in the
firmament, and the repose of paradise
seems hovering over the armed hosts, and
hills, and plains which encircle the Alamo.
A low murmur rises upon the air, which
gradually becomes more and more distinct.
Lights move to and fro in the distance, and
indicate some unusual movement. The be-
sieging army is in motion. There is no ad-
vance by columns. The force of the Mex-
icans is so great that the fort may be sur-
rounded, leaving intervals only for the fire
of artillery.—The place is girdled by a
deep line of infantry, and these are hemmed
in and surrounded by another of cavalry.
If the first shrink, they must be thrust for-
ward to the assault by the sabres and pistols
of their comrades. Suddenly the batter-
ies are in a blaze, and from their concen-
tric position pour forth radii of fire point-
ing to a single centre. Amid the thunders,
thus created, their own shouts scarcely less
terrible, and the blast of bugles, the Mex-
icans advance to the Alamo. A sheet of
flame from the rifles that never failed, is
the answer to the charge. The infantry
recoil and fall back upon the cavalry; their
ranks broken and distracted by the deadly
fire of the besieged. The shouts from the
fort are mingled with the groans of the dy-
ing on the plain, while the officers endeavor
to reform the scattered masses. They re-
turn to the attack, but the leaden shower
which they encounter tells them to the
earth by platoons. Travis shows himself
on the wall, cheering his undaunted fol-
lowers. Around him are Crockett, Evans,
and Bonham, roused to the last struggle,
for they know that their doom is sealed. In
quick succession rifle after rifle is dischar-
ged sending hundreds to their long account.
The Mexicans are again repulsed; they
fall back, disheartened by the dead and dy-
ing around them. The battalion of Toluco,
the flower of Mexican army, is reduced
from fourteen hundred to twenty three.
Men have for a moment become regardless
of their officers, and are almost delirious
from the cries of anguish, which no disci-
pline can restrain, and which come from
their fallen and expiring comrades. But a
breach is made at last; the disjoined
forces, by the aid of threats and entreaties
are rallied, and once more turn their faces
to the Alamo. The firing in that quarter for
some time has been growing slower and
slower. Rifles have dropped from many a
vigorous hand, now cold in death, while others
cling to their weapons in the agony of
dissolution. Ammunition, too, has been
failing, one by one the muzzles drop; the
last rifle is loaded and discharged, and the
Mexicans have gained the wall. Proudly
conscious in that awful moment, Travis
receives a shot, staggers and falls. He dies
not unavenged. A Mexican officer rushes
upon him, and is about to plunge his sabre
into the bosom of the fallen man, when,
gathering all his energies for a last effort,

he bathes his own sword in the blood of his
enemy and they die together.

In the meantime the battle has been ra-
ging hot and thick. The Mexicans have
poured into the citadel like autumn leaves
before the storms of autumn. The conflict
becomes hand to hand. Each man strug-
gles with his adversary, dealing blows
with rifles, sabres or whatever missiles may
be within reach. Texans are almost buried
beneath the number of their opponents. The
carnage has been so terrible that the slain
are piled up in heaps. Death stares every
survivor in the face, but still he struggles
on.—Crocket has been conspicuous in the
thick, wherever the blows fell hottest and
thickest. He has forced his way over piles
of the dead bodies of his enemies, and has
reached the door of the chapel. Here he
determines to make his last stand. At one
glance of his eye, he sees that the fate of
the Alamo rests upon himself alone. Travis
is fallen; Evans is no more; Bowie
expires upon a bed of sickness, pierced to
the heart by a Mexican bayonet; Bonham
fell before his eyes, and he finds himself the
only living warrior of the one hundred and
sixty three who had been his comrades.
Perhaps at that moment the life-blood
creeps to his heart by a natural impulse,
but it is only for a moment. His foes glare
on him with the fierceness of demons, and
assault him with blows from sabres, muskets
and pistols. The strength of a hundred
men seems concentrated in his single arm,
as he deals out death to his rancorous and
unsparing assailants. Their bodies have
grown into a rampart before him. Black-
ened with fire and smoke, besmeared with
blood, and roused into frenzy, he stands
like some fabled god of antiquity, laughing
to scorn the malice and the power, and the
fury of his enemies. New fire flashes from
his eye, and new vigor nerves his arm.—
On his assailants rush, but it is only upon
certain death. They fall, but their places
are still supplied; and so quickly, the dead
seemed to rise up before him like armed
men from the teeth of Cadmus. At length
a ball from a distant rifle pierces him in the
forehead; he falls backward to the earth,
in the streams of gore which curdle around
him. No groan escapes his lips, no cry of
agony gratifies the implacable rancor of
his enemies; he dies, and the Alamo has
fallen.

The "Brag Table."

BY PROF. BARBER.

"You will, I am sure, excuse me in send-
ing for you this morning," said the young
and interesting wife of the once wealthy B.,
as I entered her neatly arranged parlor;
"misery will seek consolation, however un-
worthy its object."

"Misery cannot find an abode here," I
exclaimed, looking at the two lovely daugh-
ters of the fair speaker. "Comfort your-
selves, my dear Mrs. B.; commerce will again
revive, and my friend once more be elated
to the proud station of an American
merchant."

"I complain not of fortune," said Mrs.
B.; "I could be happy with much less than
a benevolent Providence has spared to us.
If misfortune had not driven B. to—"
A violent hysterical sob suspended the remain-
der of the sentence. I turned my eyes up-
on the speaker—the power of expression
had departed—the eye was dilated—the
mouth slightly open—the jaws fixed and
immovable—the hands firmly clenched.

I directly summoned the domestics—cold
water was thrown in the face—various stim-
ulants were applied—and, after ten min-
utes' painful suspense, animation again re-
turned through its wonted channels.

Mrs. B. now requested her attendants to
withdraw, and addressing me in a feeble
voice, said, "You see how weak are the ef-
fects of resolution when opposed by the im-
pulses of nature; but I will finish my re-
lation—duty compels me—the conflict is
over. Your friend—the father of my child-
ren—the idol of my affection—the high-
minded, honorable B., has become a GAM-
BLER!"

"It cannot be," replied I; "some enemy
of my friend has circulated this foul slan-
der."

"God grant," said the agonized speaker,
as she clasped her hands in the attitude of
fervid supplication—"God grant that it may
be so!"

"Be calm, my amiable friend," I contin-
ued, "the matter shall be traced to its
source; should it be true that B., in a mo-
ment of commercial abandonment, has been
persuaded to enter a gambling house, I will
save him, though in the very jaws of destruc-
tion."

"Thank you! thank you!" exclaimed the
suffering wife, as I rushed out of the house
overpowered by the interest I had taken in
the fate of B. and his family.

As I left B.'s door I met an old acquain-
tance, Capt. H.; I was aware that his gen-
tleman though a man of high and honorable
principles, was too often a frequenter of the
gambling house.

"Can you," said I, inform me where F.'s
house is?"
"Oh yes," replied Capt. H., "he resides
in S—street. But," added he, "what
can you want at F.'s house?"
"That is my own affair," said I, smiling.
"You cannot enter the house," said Capt.
H., "unless you know the pass word; it is
—"

Having acquired this important informa-
tion, in the evening, I sought the infamous
abode of F., in S—street. It was the

most painful hour of my existence; I was
about to enter, for the first time, a gambling
house. With a mind struggling between
the prejudices of early education and the in-
terest of my friend, I stood before the door
of F. All was silence. Perhaps, thought I,
this is the moment of breathless expecta-
tion; B., if here, may have staked his all,
even the happiness of his lovely family, and
is now awaiting the final issue, which must
decide between poverty and infamy, or respec-
tability and honor. If I pause, he may
be lost. Actuated by this sudden emotion,
I tapped gently at the door; it was immedi-
ately opened, so far as a massive chain
would permit. I gave the pass word; the
portal of the modern Pandemonium was
thrown open, and I entered without further
inquiry.

Ascending the steps of an intensely illu-
minated staircase, I reached the drawing-
room (they were so named) on the second
story. I could think of nothing but the de-
scription of Pandemonium by Milton, as I
entered them; they were "dark with excess-
ive light."

All that could delight the imagination, or
disipate reflection was there—chandeliers,
ottomans, sofas, and paintings by the best
masters; the works of Byron, Scott, Shak-
spere, and Milton, in splendid bindings,
were carelessly thrown on a table at one end
of the room; on another were various liq-
uors, wines, &c.—from every quarter of the
globe. The centre of the front room was
graced with a rose-wood table, inlaid with
silver, around which a company of gentle-
men were playing "rouge et noir." B. was
not among them. I had scarcely time to
exult in his happiness when his well-known
voice fell upon my ear from a "brag table,"
in the opposite apartment. Unperceived by
him, I took my seat among the betting specu-
lators. He was next to the dealer at the
moment I entered.

"How much do you brag, sir," said the
dealer, addressing him.

"One hundred dollars," replied B.

Many of the gamblers threw up their
hands. One, however, determined to con-
test the stakes, and exclaimed—
"I double the stakes."

"I brag four hundred dollars," replied
B.

His opponent was evidently shaken in
the faith of his own superiority, by B.'s
triumphant tone, yet he had been too long
initiated to trust to appearances, and coolly
replied—
"I will see you, sir."

"Queens," said B., throwing down his
cards.

"Aces," responded his antagonist, as he
swept the board.

At the next deal, B. excited by the re-
flection of his loss, and the hope, in one ef-
fort, to retrieve his fortune, entered still
more deeply into the toils which his enemies
were weaving around him. Four hundred
dollars were staked by one of his opponents.
It was unlimited brag. B. must either exceed
the sum, or throw down his cards.

"I brag eight hundred dollars," said B.

"Will you stake the amount?" said his
antagonist.

A vermillion flush overspread the fine
features of B. as he responded—
"I presume my check will be considered
as sufficient security?"

"Certainly," replied his opponent.

It was immediately drawn and placed
upon the table. The pigeon, however, had
not been plucked sufficiently. A third play-
er, looking at B.'s check, said—

"Mr. B., I am sorry to oppose you, but I
cannot give up a good hand—I must double
the amount of your check."

"Show your cards, sir," replied B.

"Kings," exclaimed his opponent.

Poor B. threw down his hand, looked
wildly around him, and rushed out of the
house. I followed him at a distance. The
night was cold and beautiful. He reached
his home. The moon, which careered in
unusual splendor through a cloudless sky,
cast the shadow of B. on the steps leading
to his dwelling. Gazing on it for a moment
in deep thought, he exclaimed—
"Inanimate representative of the living,
how soon wilt thou delineate the shadow of
a shadow! Lost Marat—miserable and
undone children! Be witness then pale
and beautiful orb," said he, looking at the
moon, "that my last aspirations are for the
protection of Heaven on my wife and chil-
dren. I would—but it is too late! The
die is cast, and I must pass the Rubi-
con. Why do I pause on the threshold of
eternity? I wish to live, but shame I can-
not bear. I have beggared my wife—ru-
ined my children—gambled away my hap-
piness—and now I am a suicide! Saying
this, he drew from his pocket a pistol.

In a moment I arrested the hand which
held the fatal instrument of destruction.
B. looked upon me with maddened ferocity.
"Date even you," he said, "obtrude upon
my privacy?—measure your distance, sir,
and fire."

"You will repent it, if you fire on me,"
said I, observing that B. had elevated the
second pistol which he had drawn from his
pocket; "I came to save you, for one whose
happiness you have sacrificed."

B. dropped the pistol, and exclaimed—
"It is too late; this night I have staked and
lost my all!—the miserable wretch before
you is a beggar!"

"You will not, at all events you shall
not," said I, paying your checks."

"Not pay my checks?" retorted B., "would
you add the name of swindler to that of
gambler? Yes, sir, they shall be paid; I

will die with honor, even in the midst of in-
famy!"

"Your honor is safe," I replied; "you
have been cheated; I saw and can prove it.
Leave your reputation in my hands; but
solemnly swear never more to enter a gam-
bling house."

B. made the oath, and has kept it. I
saw the parties at F.'s; they bullied, raved
and threatened; but at length, under the
fear of exposure, gave up all they had won
of B.; and I had the gratification of restor-
ing this estimable young man to himself,
the world, and his friends; the latter of
whom he supposes to be ignorant of the cir-
cumstances here detailed. No hint has ever
been given which could lead him to suspect
he cherishes an unfounded belief; and he
is now again a prosperous American Mer-
chant.

DEATH OF CAPT. RIDGLEY.—The steam-
boat Sea arrived at New Orleans on Thurs-
day, from Brazos Santiago, whence she
sailed on the 3d inst. The Captain (Desh-
on) states that while in the office of Capt.
Hill, the Assistant Quartermaster at that
station, a few moments before going on
board, an express arrived from Monterey,
communicating the sad intelligence that the
gallant—the chivalrous Ridgley had met
with an accident from which it was impos-
sible to recover, and which he could not
long survive. It appears that on Sunday,
the 24th ult., he had been riding his horse
swiftly down one of the hills in the neigh-
borhood of Monterey. The animal fell
with great force, the brave rider coming
under, the concussion fracturing his skull.
It rendered him speechless and insensible,
and left no hope of his recovery.
Mo. Herald.

Letter from Monterey.

The Galveston News of the 10th con-
tains some later information from Monte-
rey, that possesses considerable interest, if
it be true.—It is furnished by Capt. G. K.
Lewis as follows:

When Capt. Lewis left Monterey it was
the almost universal opinion through the
army, that Gen. Ampudia had not (as has
been so generally believed and reported)
retreated from Saltillo to San Luis Potosi,
but that he had proceeded on the road to-
wards Monteclova, with a view to intercept
Gen. Wool, and prevent his junction with
Gen. Taylor. This opinion was not pre-
dictated upon any direct information, (for
no spies, or rangers, had been sent out to
watch Ampudia's movements,) but upon
pretty strong presumptive evidence, sup-
ported by the unanimous opinion of all the
English merchants in Monterey.

It is believed that Ampudia left Monte-
rey with at least 14,000 men. In addition
to the liberal supply of ammunition with
which this large army were permitted to
leave Monterey, Ampudia had ample
time to recruit both arms and ammunition
from San Luis Potosi, which is a general
depot for the army supplies of all kinds.
Gen. Ampudia was well informed (as Mex-
ican Generals always are) as to the
strength and character of our armies. He
knew that Gen. Wool had but 3000, about
one-fifth part of his own forces, that these
were all raw recruits, without any regular
or Texan troops to support them.—Such an
opportunity to retrieve his defeat in Monte-
rey, it is supposed, might have stimulated
even Ampudia to undertake this enterprise,
and show the world that he knew how to
profit by the armistice. It may here be re-
marked that the restrictions of the capitula-
tion only extend to the Rinconada, and
would not interfere at all with this enter-
prise.

Gen. Wool left the Presidio on the 18th
ult., but we cannot learn whether he would
take the road through Monteclova, or de-
viate to the left through Lampasas. The
former is the route it was supposed he
would take, and Ampudia (if the foregoing
supposition be true) would take the Mon-
tloclova road. But this road, as we learn, is
exceedingly rough and mountainous, and
being nearly impassable to artillery and
wagons.

The presumption is, therefore, that Gen.
Wool took the other, which is a much bet-
ter though also a much longer route.
Even, therefore, should Ampudia have the
spirit which the prevailing opinion gives
him credit for, still the two armies may
not meet. If the march of Gen. Wool has
been uninterrupted he is doubtless now in
Monterey, and if he has encountered Am-
pudia we shall soon know the result.

"BOYS FOLLOW ME."

One of our volunteers, says the Nash-
ville Whig, who participated in the fighting
at Monterey, in a letter to a relative near
this place, says, that at the moment the
murderous discharge of artillery and mus-
ketry was within point blank musket shot,
opened upon them from the Mexican fort,
the shock caused an involuntary momentary
pause, whereupon Colonel Campbell,
who was at the head of his regiment, sprung
from his horse and waving his sword above
his head, cried out, "boys follow me!" No
sooner said than done. The fort was in pos-
session of our gallant boys.

Indolence is a stream which flows
slowly, but yet undermines the foundation
of every virtue.

Why is the letter A like a honey-suckle?
Because A follows it.

God bless the babes!—Mrs. Aniseed plucked the shawl aside, and discovered a sleeping infant. "What a heavenly babe!" she cried; and truly, the child in its marble whiteness looked beautiful—a lovely human bud—a sweet, unsullied sojourner of earth, cradled on the knees of rice.

For an instant, the watchman gazed in silence on the babe. "Even their natures," he mused in scenes of crime and destitution, "are touched by the appealing innocence of the child." "Poor little heart!" said one. "God help it!" cried another.

Yes, God help it! And with such easy adoration, do we leave thousands and tens of thousands of human souls to want and ignorance; down them, when yet sleeping the sleep of guiltlessness, to future evils—their own unguided passions. We make them outcasts, wretches, and then punish in their wickedness, our own selfishness, our own neglect. We cry—"God help the babes!" and—tong the men.

Yet a moment—the child is still before us. May we not see about it, contending for it, the principles of good and evil? a contest between the angels and the fiends? Come hither, statesman; you who live within a party circle; you who nightly fight some miserable fight; continually strive in some selfish struggle for power and place, considering men only as tools, the interest instruments of your aggrandizement; come here in the wintry street, and look on God's image in his babyhood. Consider this little man. Are not creatures such as this, the noblest, grandest things on earth? Have they not solemn natures? Are they not subtly touched for the highest purposes of human life? Come they not into this world to dignify it? There is no spot, no coarser stuff in the paper flesh before you, that indicates a lower nature. There is no felon mark upon it; no natural formation indicating the thief in his baby fingers; no inevitable blasphemy upon its lips. It lies before you a fair, unsullied thing, fresh from the hand of God! Will you, without an effort, let the great Fiend stamp his fiery brand upon it? Shall it, even in its sleeping innocence, be made a trading thing by misery and vice? A creature borne from the street, a piece of living merchandise for mingled beggary and crime—say, what, with its awakened soul, shall it learn? What lessons, whereby to pass through life, making an item in the social sum? Why, cunning will be its wisdom; hypocrisy its truth; theft its natural law of self-preservation. To this child, so nurtured, so taught, your whole code of morals, nay, your brief right and wrong, are written in stranger figures than Egyptian hieroglyphics—and time passes—and you scourge the creature, never taught, for the heinous guilt of knowing naught but ill! The good has been a sealed book to him, and the dance is punished with the frail.

Doubtless, there are great statesmen; wizards in bullion and bank paper; thinkers profound in cotton, and every turn and variation in the markets, abroad and at home. But there are statesmen yet to come; statesmen of nobler aim—of more heroic action; teachers of the people; vindicators of the universal dignity of man; apostles of the great social truth, that knowledge, which is the spiritual light of God, like this material light, was made to comfort and bless all men. And when these men arise—and it is worse than weak, it is sinful to despair of them—the youngling poor will not be bound upon the very threshold of human life, and made by want and ignorance, life's shame and curse. There is not a babe lying in the public street on its mother's lap—the unconscious mendicant, to ripen into the criminal—that is not a reproach to the State—a scandal and a crying shame upon men who study all politics, save the politics of the human heart. —[Doughlas Gerrard.]

THE ANTIQUARIAN OF MEXICO.—We acknowledge in this world no "Kings by the grace of God," but those who rule, Lords of the human mind. This, and this only, bears the Divine impress. "Poets are born not made," is a proverb, the pith of which is equally applicable to every branch of mental endeavor. Genius, of whatever complexion, whether it rules in mechanics, philosophy, poetry, or the arts, is equally a child of the Divine. As to its natural gear, it shines equally in homely or courtly trapping. The verses of the beggar Homer, were as melodious as though spoken by a Prince, on his throne of imperial purple. The discovery of a world was as illustrious in Columbus, a poor carpet weaver, as if accomplished by a Ferdinand himself. The cratory of Demosthenes the orator, was as terribly impressive, as though he had been the child of wealth and luxury—yes, and we may say even more so, for had this have been the case, the world would probably have never heard of his name. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Benjamin Franklin, as the world well knows, was a journeyman printer; yet, the lightning of heaven condescended from their imperial palaces of thunder, to acknowledge the power of his transcendent genius. The illustrious Howard, whom neither dangers nor death could terrify or conquer; whose benevolence two hemispheres delight to remember; this specimen of true nobility—was of so humble a station in life as to have been put apprentice to a grocer. Doctor Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper. The illustrious Whitfield was the son of an innkeeper. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, rear admiral of England, was first a shoemaker's apprentice, and afterwards a cabin boy. The celebrated Bishop of Priddy was worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Ferguson, the Astronomer, like many others of the same star-gazing propensity, was originally a shepherd. Hogarth, of world-wide fame, was put apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots. Doctor Mountain, Bishop of Durham, was the son of a brewer; a potter; Horace, of a shopkeeper; Plautus, of a baker; Shakespeare, among the whole world, deified to honor, and almost adored—Shakespeare, the renowned, the witty, wise sublimed, "the immortal"—was the poor child of a humble woolstapler. The Bard who sung a "Paradise Lost" and a "Paradise Regained," the sturdy defender of human liberty, and the rights of conscience, was from no royal stock nor ancient pedigree—he was the son of a plain money seiver. The great Ben Johnson was not above working with his own hand as a brick-layer. The hero of "Highland Mary" was a ploughman in Ayrshire; Chatterton, the poet, son of a sexton; Gray, whose "Elegy in a country churchyard" will live as long as time endures, or hearts attuned to the tender, the touching and the true, was the son of a petty seiver. Henry Kirk White, (alas! who does not weep over the untimely grave of one so strangely gifted,) when Byron's name was honored in eulogizing the melancholy poet of midnight and tears, was the son of a butcher. Bloomfield and Gifford, the former of whose songs particularly will be ever remembered for their simple and unaffected beauty, were both shoemakers.

Thus ever from the low horizon of earth, have the brightest gems that deck the firmament arisen. And when the Divine Sun of the universe would enshroud His Divinity in the opaque of humanity. He came not in the gilded trappings of those whom earth hath elevated, but in the garb of the lowly—in the form of a servant—that man might learn the heaven-taught doctrine of true greatness—the aristocracy of merit—the stature of the mind—the nobility of the soul.

Explosive Cotton. Among the wonderful discoveries of this inventive age, there is no one that surpasses in character that which has been lately made of the combustibility of prepared cotton. A correspondent of the Washington Union writing from Frankfort on the Maine gives a detailed account of the invention, from which we extract the following items:

The discovery that cotton could be prepared to act as a substitute for gun powder, was simultaneously made by two German chemists, Professor Balzer, of Frankfort, and Professor Schenck, of Basel. At a dinner party at Frankfort, Professor B., says the correspondent of the Union:

"I took from each of his waistcoat pockets a paper containing some raw cotton, a small portion of that which was in one he placed upon a sheet of white paper, and near it some gunpowder upon another sheet. He touched them at the same moment with the burning end of a cigar, and with the quickness of the lightning's blast the cotton was consumed without smoke or odor, or ashes, or even the slightest stain upon the snow white sheet of foolscap; while the ignition of the gunpowder seemed to be slow, although of the best quality, by which the paper was burnt & colored, and the room filled with smoke. He then took a small quantity of gunpowder and placing it upon paper, entirely covered it with prepared cotton from the other paper. Touching the cotton with the blaze of a match, it exploded without burning the gunpowder. Subsequently, at my apartments, he exploded cotton upon the palm of my hand, without my feeling the sensation of heat, such was the remarkable rapidity of its ignition."

Some of the qualities of Cotton prepared in this manner, which is superior as a detonant to gunpowder, are, that it requires but a short time for its preparation; it can be manufactured by common laborers, and without any danger of combustion. It can be fitted for use in a few hours after the cotton is taken from the bale, and without the aid of machinery; and it may be saturated thoroughly with water without affecting its properties permanently, as when dried it becomes as explosive as ever. No danger is to be apprehended from its spontaneous combustion, nor will it become ignited by friction in the process of transportation or otherwise. It will catch fire from either a blaze or a spark.

In strength it is far superior to the best gunpowder, as the experiment above related sufficiently proves. It has however, been also ascertained, by actual experiment, that the forty eighth part of an ounce of the prepared cotton, will propel a bullet from an American rifle as far and as fast as the twelfth part of an ounce of gunpowder. The sixteen part of an ounce will drive a three quarter ounce ball a distance of sixteen hundred paces.

In blasting rocks the experiments have been eminently successful. A large block granite at Basel, measuring 240 cubic feet, was blown up by four ounces of Cotton, a process which could not have been effected by less than two pounds of the best gunpowder.

Another advantage possessed by the Cotton, is, that fire arms in which it is used, never require cleaning. Forty shots have been made without intermission, without any accumulation of filth; nor is it liable to the objection which exist against gunpowder, that repeated explosions heat the barrel of the gun, so as to require a suspension of firing, the barrel remaining, after the forty explosions, entirely free from heat.

It is also much cheaper than gunpowder, nearly one third less. It is said that 125 lbs. Cotton, when prepared, will weigh 165 lbs., which according to the opinion of Mr. Grove, an able chemist of England, will be equivalent to 330 lbs. of superior gunpowder.

At a meeting of the British Association in September, where the article was tested under the direction of Professor Schenck, Sir John Herschel remarked, that "the discovery, in the next generation might arm mankind with the wildest powers. The inventor was a Titan who could tear up rocks, and almost call down lightning."

What the materials are, with which the Cotton is prepared, are of course unknown to any but the inventors, who are about to secure patents among the various nations of Europe. The first step has already been taken to obtain a patent right in the United States. One has been taken out for Great Britain, and the States of the Con-

manic Confederation have consented to give 100,000 florins, merely for the right of preparing it for the army, provided a commission that has been appointed to test its qualities, shall make a favorable report.

The result of this discovery will be of the most important character to the United States, and more especially to South Carolina, and the other cotton cultivating States. We are at present dependent upon foreign countries for all the nitre and sulphur which we use in the manufacture of gunpowder, amounting to eighty-five hundredths of the material, while we have the cotton, which is the principal ingredient in the new explosive substance, within our own borders. This is an important fact as we will be thus rendered independent of the rest of the world for the means of defence or hostility. The consumption of cotton, which cannot be less in Europe than two or three hundred thousand bales annually for the purposes of explosion, must add to the value of the article, and open an entirely new market to the cultivators of our staple. Every salute fired on the birth of a prince or the marriage of a princess, will be so much paid into the pockets of our republican planters, and so great will be the influence we shall exert from the possession of this chief material of war, that we are at most tempted, in looking to future results, to unite in the sanguine expectation of the correspondent of the "Union," that "America will be so fortified in her strength, as to assume a wholly invincible position, with reference to other powers."

General Worth. We have seldom heard of an old soldier recount the history of his life and "fight his battles over again" with greater sincerity or more honest enthusiasm than a friend exhibited in our sanctum on Saturday, while reading of the gallant conduct of his old comrade, "Will Worth." They were clerks together thirty-five years ago, in Hudson New York—clever, industrious young men. Our friend by no means lacked spirit, but was of rather a quiet business turn, while Worth was of a nervous, quick temperament, with a fiery eye and restless disposition, daring, confident and independent as a lord. "While thus employed, a recruiting Sergeant, for it was in the early part of the late war with England, paraded the streets of Hudson drumming up 'young generals' to fight for 'free trade and sailor's rights.' Enough had transpired already to rouse to the highest pitch all Worth's martial ardor, and without a second thought, he became a soldier.

Worth's ancestry, our friend informed us, were from Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, a proud blood stock of high and somewhat aristocratic bearing. Some of the family had intermarried with the noblest and bravest of the Indians of New England, thus uniting the best blood of the aborigines and of the primitive settlers of the Old Bay State. Worth, when young, to all the energetic and fire-born nature of the Anglo-American, added the roaming, restless, warrior disposition of the red man of the forest. With a broad forehead, high cheek bones, piercing eyes, stout athletic frame, quick, warm blood, and a brave and fearless heart—the war offered the opportunity to make of such material a valiant soldier and a successful officer.

Worth had been garrisoned for some months at—where the misconduct of a fellow soldier, set him upon the first round of the ladder. Worth was a brother then, as now, to a soldier in distress, and encouraged his fellow, after he had been made know the penalty of his conduct, to make to the commanding officer a representation of the affair in writing. He pleaded his ignorance and want of skill in writing, and the probability of failure.—"Here, give me a pen," said Worth, and in a few minutes, dashed off in a clear bold hand, and unassuming manner, a few lines vindicating the soldier in strong terms, and presenting his case in a view not entertained before. The soldier presented it to his officer. "Did you write this?" it was quickly asked and answered in the negative.—"Who did?" "Private Worth, sir."—"Send Private Worth to me." In a few minutes Worth presented himself with the same rather blustering and consequential air that usually marked his bearing, and with a prompt "At your service, sir." "Did you write this?" "I did, sir," short and quick. Sundry questions were asked as to his former occupation, object in entering the army, &c., which were answered in the same positive and reckless tone, and Worth was dismissed with "Come to my marquee in the morning." There was so little that was encouraging in the Commander's tone, that Worth was totally unconscious of the good fortune in store for him, when he appeared next morning, and the officer observed, "I want you for my private secretary."

This was enough for Worth. His active, resolute and determined manner, and commanding appearance, struck the scrutinizing eye of General Scott, when they first met, who forthwith selected him as his Aid. Opportunity soon occurred, and in the early part of the battle of Landy's Lane, while charging bravely upon the enemy, Worth fell, it was supposed, mortally wounded.—No one who has ever read the history of that battle, at almost unparalleled in the severity of the contest, the obstinacy with which the veterans of England maintained their ground, and the irrepressible ardor which marked every charge of the Americans, in the face of bayonets and cannons, can fail to appreciate the intrepidity and gallant bearing of Worth on that occasion. When he fell, 386, or 3 or 4 of their officers, are now reduced to two of his soldiers, attempted to bear him from the field, when a ball struck one of them, scattering his brains over Worth and his companion. The other seized him in his arms, and carried him from the reach of the enemy. His friends mourned him as dead, and months elapsed before his

wounds had so far healed as to enable him to return to the service.

But we have not time to follow him through his various successes and promotions, and his gallant and distinguished conduct in the Florida war. The part he acted in the capture of Monterey was bold, deliberate, and eminently successful.—They underrated his military talents, who supposed his commendable determinations to add laurels to his name, to atone for his unfortunate absence from the army on the memorable 8th and 9th of May would urge him headstrong into the fight, heedless of his own life or the lives of his men.—Worth was always bold, intrepid, sometimes reckless of consequences when duty prompted; but calm and collected, when he knew success hung upon cool, deliberate and decisive action. His Government has rewarded his worth by steady promotion, and his countrymen, with one voice, bestowed "honor upon whom honor is due." The wisest act of the President, in the whole conduct of the war, was that which refused Worth's proffered resignation, and restored him to the Army and his country.

Maxville Eagle.

SANTA ANNA'S FLOCKS.—A Supply for the Army.—The writer in Blackwood's September number, on Mexico, says a large portion of the country between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, belongs to the well known General Santa Anna. The soil of his vast estate is fertile, but left to its natural fertility.—The General being a shepherd, said to have from 40 to 50,000 head of cattle in his pastures. Should the government quarter the army on him for a while, would it not greatly expedite their efforts to "conquer a peace?"

We learn by this morning's mail that Mr. Jackson, Ordeley Sergeant of the Benton Guards, died in camp at Camargo, a short time since. It will be recollected that this gentleman passed through this place a month or two ago on his way to the army, having been out on furlough. He died soon after his arrival at Camargo.

Latest from Monterey. The Steamship Virginia, Capt. Tucker, from Brasas Santiago, reached New Orleans Friday last. The report of the accident to Capt. Ridgely is confirmed. He was riding into town from the camp to dine with Lieut. Mackall, when his horse slipped on the smooth pavement and threw him. He fell on his head, and fractured his skull so that his recovery was considered hopeless. Our readers will recollect that Ridgely was the officer who succeeded Maj. Ringgold, and maneuvered his battery so skillfully and so boldly in the battle; if the 8th and 9th—the same who, when Capt. May, with his dragoons, was about to charge the Mexican battery at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, called out "Hold on, Charley, and let me draw their fire." He has died, and was buried the 25th ult.

In an affray between two Texans, named Peche and Allen, in Matamoros, the 2nd ult., the latter was killed by a blow and a kick.

Daniel Murphy and John Kinsey fought a duel opposite Matamoros the 33rd ultimo; the former was wounded in the side.

Lieut. P. Kearney's company of dragoons reached Matamoros the 30th ult., and left for Monterey the 2d inst.

The health of Matamoros has improved. It is rumored among the Mexicans that the troops on their way to Saltillo to San Luis Potosi had been ordered back by Santa Anna, and that he had joined them with a large force. It is also stated that, in consequence of a letter from the War Department at Washington to Gen. Taylor, in which the expedition to Tampico is spoken of, which letter was found in the mail intercept by the Mexicans, Santa Anna has dispatched 2,500 men to Tampico, or to get between Gen. Taylor and the Rio Grande and operate in his rear. On the other hand, the general report and opinion at Monterey are, that Saltillo will not be defended by the Mexicans but that they are concentrating at San Luis Potosi.

The health of the troops at Monterey is bad. Chills and fevers and diarrhoea are prevalent, which are probably produced in a great measure by the great abundance of oranges, apples, melons, grapes, &c., which our men use without stint or caution.

Gen. Wool has reported himself to Gen. Taylor as close on Monterey, and it is said that a part of his forces will unite with Gen. Taylor's army at Monterey, while the balance advances to Chihuahua. It is also said that Gen. Taylor intends to occupy Tamaulipas, garrisoning the different towns, and making the Rio Grande the line between him and the enemy.

Col. Marshall's Kentucky mounted regiment has reached the Rio Grande, a mile below the mouth of the San Juan, near Camargo.

Two companies of mounted rifles, Walker's and Mason's, under the command of the latter are at Camargo. Gen. Taylor has sent down two eighteens. Gen. Lamar has raised his company of 94 men and left for Laredo. Gen. Henderson has left for Austin. Lieut. Armstrong had reached head quarters with his despatches. The report at Camargo was that they directed the General to send a force to Tampico, provided he could spare two thirds regiments. This he will not do. It was also said that he was directed to take all his supplies as he went, paying a fair price for a Mexican was found dead on the outskirts of Camargo, shot through the breast, the 24th ult.

The sickness at Monterey is said to be very general. The 7th regiment which reached Corpus Christi at the commencement of the war with 500 men and all but 386, and out of them only 138 could appear on parade the 10th ult., the rest being sick, wounded or on guard. The 8th regiment, out of 300 men, could only parade 104. Major Lear is now in a very low state, and not expected to live.

Gen. Taylor says that he will make no

new move, except to occupy Saltillo, until he is reinforced, for his forces is too much reduced by sickness, deaths and discharges. The Mexicans are becoming more inveterate, they are continually leaving all that section of country between Monterey and the Rio Grande, and moving off to San Luis Potosi. In spite of all the efforts of the United States government and Gen. Taylor and his principle officers, the national pride and prejudice of the people, with the mortification of their late defeats and perhaps the rough treatment of our volunteers and rangers have only served to render more intense their dislike to foreigners.

The Camanches were moving about Mier, and killed a Frenchman named Antoine Bouzan, who was going to Matamoros with a quantity of hides and \$5,000 in specie, which they took. They carried off 25 miles from one Mexican. Capt. Jack Everett was at Mier, with a small party of discharged rangers, on his way to Corpus Christi.

TO THE PEOPLE. THE Session of Congress, which is about to intervene, will be long and greatly remembered by all true republicans for the triumph of the principles which it has been our constant duty to advocate and defend, and from which to prosperity, no adversity can sever us; we cannot be ungrateful of the aid which we are placed by a recent act of both houses of Congress—we allude to the contemplated withdrawal of their patronage from the newspaper press. To this decision we cheerfully bow, sensible as we are of the patriotic motives which have led to it. But we trust that this decision of Congress increases rather than diminishes our claims to the support of a higher power—that of the people; and to them we confidently appeal to aid us, by their patronage, in sustaining the seat of government a journal that is indelibly devoted to their interests and the true interests of the country.

It is well known to every one, that the chief source of sustaining a newspaper is not the magnitude of its subscription list, so much as the advertising patronage which it receives from the community. In large commercial cities, indeed, it is usually the concomitant of the former, as it becomes the obvious interest of mercantile men to advertise in those papers which are the most extensively circulated. In Washington, however, it is differently situated. Deprived of the advertising patronage incident to a mercantile community, and burdened with peculiar and enormous expenses which are not elsewhere incurred, such a newspaper is in a position to be sustained only by the support of a higher power. It is, indeed, a noble and patriotic enterprise, to sustain such a paper, and we are confident that the patriotic and mercantile men of this city, who are the most numerous and influential, will be found to be the most generous and liberal in their support. We are confident that the patriotic and mercantile men of this city, who are the most numerous and influential, will be found to be the most generous and liberal in their support.

THE DAILY UNION will be published, as heretofore, at \$20 per annum, paid in advance. Its editorial columns are free to all great party men, and we propose, in future, to devote a portion of its columns to domestic news of general interest, and to political topics, which, without impairing its character as a newspaper, will render it more acceptable to a wider circle of readers.

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new move, except to occupy Saltillo, until he is reinforced, for his forces is too much reduced by sickness, deaths and discharges. The Mexicans are becoming more inveterate, they are continually leaving all that section of country between Monterey and the Rio Grande, and moving off to San Luis Potosi. In spite of all the efforts of the United States government and Gen. Taylor and his principle officers, the national pride and prejudice of the people, with the mortification of their late defeats and perhaps the rough treatment of our volunteers and rangers have only served to render more intense their dislike to foreigners.

The Camanches were moving about Mier, and killed a Frenchman named Antoine Bouzan, who was going to Matamoros with a quantity of hides and \$5,000 in specie, which they took. They carried off 25 miles from one Mexican. Capt. Jack Everett was at Mier, with a small party of discharged rangers, on his way to Corpus Christi.

TO THE PEOPLE. THE Session of Congress, which is about to intervene, will be long and greatly remembered by all true republicans for the triumph of the principles which it has been our constant duty to advocate and defend, and from which to prosperity, no adversity can sever us; we cannot be ungrateful of the aid which we are placed by a recent act of both houses of Congress—we allude to the contemplated withdrawal of their patronage from the newspaper press. To this decision we cheerfully bow, sensible as we are of the patriotic motives which have led to it. But we trust that this decision of Congress increases rather than diminishes our claims to the support of a higher power—that of the people; and to them we confidently appeal to aid us, by their patronage, in sustaining the seat of government a journal that is indelibly devoted to their interests and the true interests of the country.

It is well known to every one, that the chief source of sustaining a newspaper is not the magnitude of its subscription list, so much as the advertising patronage which it receives from the community. In large commercial cities, indeed, it is usually the concomitant of the former, as it becomes the obvious interest of mercantile men to advertise in those papers which are the most extensively circulated. In Washington, however, it is differently situated. Deprived of the advertising patronage incident to a mercantile community, and burdened with peculiar and enormous expenses which are not elsewhere incurred, such a newspaper is in a position to be sustained only by the support of a higher power. It is, indeed, a noble and patriotic enterprise, to sustain such a paper, and we are confident that the patriotic and mercantile men of this city, who are the most numerous and influential, will be found to be the most generous and liberal in their support.

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